backward when thou commeſt to age: wilt thou not Iule? *It ſtinted, and ſaid I.*

Iuli. And ſtint thou too, I pray thee Nurſe, ſay I.

Nurſe. *Peace I haue done: God marke thee too his grace, thou waſt the prettieſt Babe that ere I nurſt, and I might liue to ſee thee marryed once. I haue my wiſh.*

Old La. Marry that marry is the very Theame
I came to talke of, tell me daughter *Iuliet*,
How ſtands your diſpoſitions to be marryed?

Iuli. It is an houre that I dreame not of.

Nurſe. *An houre, were not I onely Nurſe, I would ſay thou hadſt ſuckt thy wiſdome from thy teat.*

Old La. Well thinke of Marriage now, yonger then you
Here in *Verona*, Ladies of eſteeme,
Are made already mothers by my count,
I was your mother, much vpon theſe yeares
That you are now a Maide, thus then in briefe:
The valiant *Paris* ſeekes you for his Loue.

Nurſe. *A man yong Lady, Lady, ſuch a man as all the world. Why hees a man of waxe.*

Old La. Veronas Summer hath not ſuch a flower,

Nurſe. *Nay, hees a flower, in faith a very flower.*

Old La. What ſay you, can you loue the Gentleman?
This night you ſhall behold him at our Feaſt,
Read ore the volume of yong *Paris* face,
And find delight, writ there with beauties Pen,
Examine euery ſeuerall liniament,
And ſee how one an other lends content:
And what obſcurde in this faire Volume lyes,
Find written in the margeant of his eyes.
This precious Booke of Loue, this vnbound Louer,
To beautifie him, onely lackes a Couer.
The fiſh liues in the Sea, and tis much pride
For faire without, the faire within to hide:
That Booke in manies eyes doth ſhare the glorie,
That in gold clapſes, locks in the golden ſtorie:
So ſhall you ſhare all that he doth poſſeſſe,

By

By hauing him, making your ſe
Nurſe. No leſſe, nay bigger
Old La. Speake briefely can
Iuli. Ile looke to like, if loo
But no more deepe will I endar
Then your conſent giues ſtreng
Serning. Madam, the gueſts
eald, my yong Lady askt for
and euery thing in extremitie:
you follow ſtraight.
Mo. We follow thee, *Iuliet*
Nurſe. Goe gyrle, ſeeke hap

Enter Romeo, Mercurio, B
Maikers, T
Romeo. What ſhall this ſpee
Or ſhall we on without Apolog
Ben. The date is out of ſuch
Weele haue no *Cupid*, hood-wi
Bearing a Tartars painted Bow
Skaring the Ladies like a Crow
But let them meaſure vs by wha
Weele meaſure them a meaſure
Rom. Giue me a Torch, I am
Being but heauie I will beare the
Mercu. Nay gentle *Romeo*, w
Ro. Not I beleeue me, you ha
With nimble ſoles, I haue a ſoul
So ſtakes me to the ground I can
Mer. You are a Louer, bor
And ſore with them aboue a cor
Romeo. I am too ſore enpearc
To ſoare with his light feathers,
I cannot bound a pitch aboue du
Vnder loues heauie burthen doe
Mercu. And to ſinke in it ſh
Too great oppreſſion for a tende

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Romeo and Juliet* (STC 22325) LONDON, [1622] THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.34.k